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"William, tell me," and he took his son's hand—"you are a good boy, and have been taught to speak the truth; tell me, did you see any figure leaning over that wall and looking upon me; it was like—but did you see it?"

"No, indeed, Sir, I saw nothing, and how could you?"

"Peace, you foolish child, let us hurry home."

Lady Brindon was still writing when they returned. Thompson desired his family to leave the room, and having locked the door, took a chair and sat down opposite her.

"You are busy to-day madam, so have I been. I have a message for you."

He wrote down some words on his tablet, and handed them to her. She trampled the writing under her feet.

"You dreaming coward, what infernal scheme are you now planning against me?"

"None, madam; but we are playing a game in which I think we will both be losers."

"Then you must have been grossly deceived by imagination; you never saw it."

"It was not in the darkness of the night, when imagination may be cheated by unreal phantasies, and the faculties are powerless and weak, I saw it. No, in the brightness of the noon-day sun, in company with my child, whose spotless purity should have protected me, he confronted me and fascinated me with his accursed presence. The fiend has not forgotten."

"Then heaven have mercy on us both!"

"Amen, madam, we need it much." And their last conference was ended by the prayer.

Thompson, complaining of a faintness and benumbing coldness, retired early to his bed chamber, and was found next morning dead on the sofa, as if in a tranquil and spirit-stealing slumber.

On the evening of the day on which his remains were committed to the tomb, Lady Brindon having been left alone in her room, rung the bell violently. As the servant hastened to obey the summons, he heard a tremendous noise in the room, as though two individuals were engaged in a scuffle, which was succeeded the next moment by a dreadful crash and heavy fall; and, on opening the door, he found her ladyship lying senseless on the floor—the chair on which she had been seated, together with the tables on which the candles had been placed, all overturned. And he afterwards positively affirmed, that, as he entered the room, he saw something, bearing a form which he could not well describe, dash through the window in a vivid flame. A surgeon was instantly procured; and, after nearly an hour's exertion, her ladyship once more gave signs of animation: but, on opening her eyes, with an agonizing shriek, she exclaimed—"there he is!—there he is!" and again sunk back into a kind of swoon, from which she never recovered.

The extraordinary circumstances which thus caused her dissolution, formed, for a considerable time, the talk of the day, while the friends of the deceased endeavoured to make it appear, that it was merely the reflection of the candles, as their rays flashed across the windows in their progress from the table to the floor, which had operated on the servant's vision, in such a way as to produce a supernatural appearance.

. With the fame of the celebrated lady above referred to, we have no doubt, that the greater proportion of our Irish readers are well acquainted. As, however, there are two versions of the story, so far as regards her ladyship's concluding days, we think it well to mention, for the benefit of our readers in the sister island, that, by many, the concluding part of the story, relative to her ladyship either having been carried off or frightened to death by his black majesty, or one of his satellites, is altogether a fiction; that, after the death of Thompson, she gave up the world, and never afterwards resumed her station at the cathedral, castle, or card table. We understand that her monument is still pointed out, adorned by descending angels and weeping cupids, holding up a tablet, which commemorates her *charities and her virtues!* and we have little doubt, that, as she was rich and highly connected, she got an excellent character in the *Newspapers* of the day!—at least, if she did not, the *Newspapers* of former days must have been very different from what they are at present.

SLEEP.

One hour asleep is worth ten awake,
If fancy our rule and measure we make;
For what vessel of steam
Can scour like a dream—
In one nap a ten days' trip we can take.

And then, what engine can match the might
Of the spirit that comes in the watches of night,
To break our bars,
And fight our wars?—
And yet her pinions are soft as the light.

Oh! come with me to the dungeon tower
At the solemn noon of night's darkest hour
There gaze awhile
On the captive's smile,
And scorn the faint effort of mortal power.

Or view the exile whom sleep doth bear
Over hill and plain to his valley dear;
How free, how fair,
Is his tranquil air
As he lists the sweet carols he loved when there.

What muse inspires yon Burgher's strain,
His nocturnal pipe doth he tune in vain?
Oh, no! soup, stew,
Fricassee, and ragout,
All steam in his noodle and fatten his brain.

A board whose whiteness shames the snows,
By slumber's spell before him arose,
And the querulous gobble
Of turkeys in trouble,
Awake the loud Pœans that burst from his nose.

Yon dozing dandy whose captive waist
Is released at last from the tightened vest;
Could he sell his thought,
'Twould be cheaply bought
By the rich contents of yon Burgher's chest.

Sweet slumbering Belle what dream'st thou about?
Beaux, and all that kind of thing, no doubt;
In a chariot and pair
Rejoiceth the fair,
And away she goes to my lady's rout.

He of the visage wan and pale,
What visions athwart his fancy steal?
They are so abstruse,
That my sportive muse,
Would shudder if challenged those dreams to reveal.

And where is the soul of that withered flower,
The victim of love's capricious power?
She is now at rest
In her mossy nest,
Ere yet the despoiler had rifled her bower.

Whate'er you desire in each varied mood
A houseful of gold or a mouthful of food;
To bed, to bed!
With your wish in your head,
And I warrant you'll get it or something as good.

For the wishing cap and its grammare
Was nothing else but a *bonnet de nuit*.
With night-cap and pillow,
Despite land or billow,
We may do what we please, and be happy and free.

DUBLIN:

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